ELECTROMAGNETIC FUSION AND ET SPACE TECHNOLOGY

Space technology consultant David Adair goes on the record about his extraordinary experiences at Area 51 when, as a mere teenager, he was testing one of his electromagnetic fusion engine prototypes.

Excerpt from an interview with

David Adair

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ROBERT STANLEY: Tell me about the government disclosure letter you are circulating.

DAVID ADAIR: That letter is based on a series of events that occurred when I first testified for Dr Steven Greer in 1997… It's very simple what we want: a congressional hearing that will grant covert operatives total immunity from their national security oath. Dr Greer is telling us that he has hundreds of witnesses. I know he is not blowing smoke regarding this issue, because in 1971 I saw a lot of people working on these things.

ROBERT: At Area 51?

DAVID: Right. I saw them underground working on all these different craft and back-engineering lots of stuff. I believe there are people that have spent 30 years or more working on these types of projects. Imagine what they could tell us! But more importantly, they would be able to tell us who paid them, who signed the cheques.

ROBERT: So you are pushing for public hearings?

DAVID: Absolutely. I really want the world to hear what these hard-core engineers have to say.

ROBERT: You told me in our pre-interview that this event would radically change our lives, that we could begin integrating some of the more advanced technologies into our infrastructure.

DAVID: Exactly, but unravelling everything poses a problem. I know that while I was at Area 51 and was being taken through offices that were off to the side of the hangars and labs, they took me to a room and locked me in it. And that's where I stayed until General LeMay came and got me. But I saw a lot of people working down there as we were walking past these offices.

ROBERT: Wait a minute. General Curtis LeMay personally came to get you out?

DAVID: Yes. If you read his autobiographical book called *Iron Eagle*, he was a former commander of SAC [Strategic Air Command]. "General Curtis E. LeMay: retired February 1, 1965; died October 3, 1990. LeMay was the fifth Chief of Staff of the US Air Force." You will see, in the back of the book, he talks about his parents. They lived in Mount Vernon, Ohio. I lived in Mount Vernon, Ohio, when I built my first fusion rockets. I was on the cover of the local newspaper.

ROBERT: How did that happen?

DAVID: Well, because his parents' caregiver was my mother, Evangeline Adair.

ROBERT: What a strange coincidence!

DAVID: Yes, and that's how LeMay came to know me personally. And when our local congressman started funding my second rocket, that's when the *Mount Vernon News* got wind of the story. It was the fastest vehicle ever built on Earth.

ROBERT: Is this a picture of the second rocket I'm looking at?

DAVID: Yeah; there were all kinds of newspaper stories printed about me that I have saved. I was being funded by Congressman John Ashbrook. He was chairman of the Internal Security committees of Congress. That's a pretty powerful place to be. He was also on the Education and Labor committees, which is how he funded my work—through the Department of Education.

Then when the Air Force showed up to inspect my second rocket, they were totally gung-ho for all the formulas and the prototype I built from scratch. They knew I was on to something, so they funded me through the NSF [National Science Foundation].

Then my mother got concerned because the government people were really getting involved in our lives. So she went and talked to General LeMay. Curtis really liked my

mother a lot and he had seen the newspaper stories, so he came over to talk with me. Later he talked with Congressman Ashbrook. The next thing I know, LeMay told me: "David. I am going to be your buddy. I am going to be your project manager." And actually, that was the greatest thing that could have happened to me because I found out much later that it was LeMay that saved my ass.

ROBERT: That's some powerful protection.

DAVID: Yeah, but what's really interesting is an investigator pulled the records for Congressman Ashbrook from the Library of Congress and found all this documentation. The investigator was shocked to learn that I was telling the truth. In one letter I told the Air Force that without the right electronics and the right formulas to compress and scale down the fusion engine I was building, I would need a really big vehicle to put the engine in and it was going to be a damn big engine! Eventually I found an ICBM, a *Titan III*, that had been pulled out of mothballs and had been given to the Center for Science and Industry in Ohio. They had recently pulled all the fuel out of it and parked this thing in a storage area. It was flight ready.

After a while, I got the *Titan*. During that time, I had more information-based dreams and from that I eventually reconfigured the fusion engine down to a workable size. Everybody loved that, because hauling a *Titan* rocket around is pretty tough to do—it's 30 storeys tall! After I told them I could compress this thing down to an engine that would fit in a 12-foot-tall rocket housing, I had to build everything from scratch.

ROBERT: Didn't you tell me there were two rockets?

DAVID: Yes. You're right. There were two of these prototypes. This one went to the science fair. But here is the one that no one ever saw publicly.

ROBERT: The one you told me was "stealth"?

DAVID: Right. We built one just for the local people to see what we were working on. The Air Force guys came over to my house every day. They took their uniforms off and walked around in T-shirts and shorts so the locals would think they were just average people helping out with all the rocket stuff I was building. So when the town folks came by, they just thought, "Boy, he's building a big one this time." But we had two of them in production. I set up one that I used to win the science fairs with, but here is the design we used to move past the prototype stage with. Anyway, we had a front operation and another in the back. And it worked well. That was my introduction to covert activities…

Al this documentation that I am showing you here, I brought with me to Congress… I didn't want to testify because I was really treading the fine line of National Security. However, I could tell this particular story because I was only 17 years old when that happened. According to constitutional law, the federal government is prohibited from signing a minor to a National Security Oath. Strom Thurman said to me one time, "You're the biggest loose cannon on the deck, boy."

ROBERT: Let's go back to your experience at Area 51 with General Curtis LeMay.

DAVID: Okay. What happened was, well, it was very simple. I had blown up my own engine. I sabotaged my rocket after it landed at Area 51. I blew it into a billion pieces. After they showed me the engine downstairs, I knew what they were after from my engine.

ROBERT: Which engine?

DAVID: The Electromagnetic Fusion Containment Engine…because they are so fast. There is nothing like it. The liquid fuel and solid propellant engines are like Model Ts compared to a Lamborghini. This thing took off so fast. It went from zero mph to 8,754 mph in about 4.6 seconds. It was so fast that you couldn't even see it.

ROBERT: It went that fast from a standing start?

DAVID: Right. You couldn't even see it. It would be like trying to watch a bullet leave a rifle barrel.

ROBERT: That's not possible to see with the naked eye.

DAVID: Right. So everyone else at the launch site thought it blew up. I built most of it out of titanium. We also used inconel and carbonite. We had every kind of known material for lightness and strength incorporated in that rocket. And because of the extreme g-force of the launch, everything inside was just warped.

ROBERT: But the engine was still intact when the rocket landed at Area 51?

DAVID: Exactly. It came down on a parachute. And that is where it got weird, because there are a lot of characters in this story. The man that was really on my case…he was a bad guy. Dr Wernher von Braun warned me. As a child, I knew von Braun because I was doing all this work with rockets in the early 1970s when we were landing men on the Moon.

"As a child, I knew von Braun because I was doing all this work with rockets in the early 1970s when we were landing men on the Moon."

An hour-and-a-half's drive from my house was Wapakenneta, which is where Neil Armstrong lived. His mother Viola and I became friends. She became like a surrogate mother to me. So I was hanging out with her and I would see Neil around the house. And many times I would go over to her house and I would run right past Neil and go hang out with Viola. And Neil loved that about me because I wasn't interested in his fame; I just loved his mother. Neil was a very reclusive person…almost like a hermit…because when he came back from the Moon mission he literally just disappeared.

Anyway, because I was in that kind of environment, I got to attend parties where all the original *Apollo VII* astronauts would show up, and von Braun showed up. And that's how we all crossed paths and I started interfacing with him. The thing is, von Braun warned me that if, during my rocket work, I should encounter a man named Dr Arthur Rudolph, I should be extremely careful because he was so dangerous.

Dr Arthur Rudolph was the chief architect of the *Saturn 5* engines of our *Apollo* Moon rocket. He came into the US with von Braun and other German scientists under Operation *Paperclip*. Rudolph was a full colonel in the Gestapo. He had killed hundreds of Jews personally during the building of the V-2 rockets and Peenemünde. If you made a mistake, he would put a cable around your neck and slowly lift you up, which would strangle you. Then he would disembowel you and leave you hanging there for everyone to see. There were rotted corpses hanging all over the place. They would also feed you sawdust and water. This would take the hunger out of your stomach until you fell over dead, then they would just replace you with more fresh people. This man was the winner of the Most Distinguished Service award—the highest award NASA can give. The Mossad caught

up with Dr Rudolph on May 25, 1984. Due to war crimes, he was deported out of LAX to Munich, Germany, where he died [in jail].

Anyway, General LeMay had sent me from Mount Vernon, Ohio, to Wright-Patterson in Dayton, Ohio, where the SAC headquarters was located. From there, me and my rocket and some other colonels all got on board a C-141 transport and flew to White Sands. Soon after we arrived at White Sands, a black DC-9 plane showed up. LeMay had told me that if this plane showed up, it would represent a real problem for me. Anyway, out stepped these guys wearing suits and mirrored sunglasses. And among them was this one little guy wearing khaki uniform. I knew that was Dr Rudolph because Dr von Braun had showed me his picture.

ROBERT: Whom was Dr Rudolph working for?

DAVID: I'm not sure…one of those alphabet-soup intelligence agencies. But he was primarily working for NASA. And as soon as he got off the plane, he asked to see my rocket. When I asked him who he was, he told me, "Oh, I'm just a guy that inspects rockets for the government." Then I asked him if he was from NASA, and he said he had never worked there.

So we walked over to my rocket and I opened up a side panel. And when he leaned over to look at the engine, he began mumbling to himself and he seemed really upset—probably because I had built something he thought was impossible to do. So I took that opportunity to lean over and whisper in his ear, "Do you know that in proportional size, this engine has 10,000 times the thrust of the F-1, *Saturn V* engines, Dr Rudolph?" And he stood up and was furious. He wanted to know who I was and how I knew so much. And I told him, "I'm just a kid that launches rockets in the cow fields of Ohio." [Laughter] Anyway, I had friends around me who were Air Force colonels that LeMay had assigned to take care of me.

And I got upset when Dr Rudolph told me that he wanted to change the landing coordinates on my rocket. He was really nasty about it. The navigation system I was using was off-the-shelf stuff. Back in those days, it was all analogue. But I had my system programmed to where the rocket would come back down within a two-mile radius of the launch site. Dr Rudolph had me reprogram the coordinates so that my rocket would land 456 miles northwest of White Sands in an area called Groom Lake, in Nevada.

Well, I immediately pulled out my national survey maps and I looked at Groom Lake and thought, "My God! Why are we launching up to a dry lake bed in Nevada? It's so far away." That's when Dr Rudolph told me, "Just do it!" He was really hostile. And I had been warned many times by von Braun and LeMay that if I ran into Dr Rudolph, not to push his buttons.

So I reset the coordinates on the guidance system and we launched my rocket and it took off perfectly. And sure enough, it landed right on target. And you know, it wasn't until they made the movie *Independence Day* that I ever heard the term "Area 51".

ROBERT: How could that be?

DAVID: I always knew this place as Groom Lake. It was the only name I had ever heard for that place, growing up. So we were getting ready to board the plane to go and recover the rocket and I said, "Hey, do you see these rubber tyres on this plane? Would you please tell me how you are going to land this thing on a dry lake bed? This thing is going to plough into the ground and never leave." Someone yelled at me to shut up and get into the plane.

After a while, we arrived in Nevada. And as we flew over the landing site, I looked down at these twin 10,000-foot runways and I said, "My God! There's a huge base down there!"

So we landed at this place that doesn't exist on any map, and that's when I started getting really concerned. I was trying to locate any Air Force emblems, Navy emblems, any kind of logos or emblems that would identify the commanding authority, but there was nothing anywhere on any of the buildings. Normally, standard universal painting of water towers at an airstrip is an orange-and-white chequerboard pattern. But here, everything was painted either solid white or solid black. So they were not conforming to any code.

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The entire hangar was an unenclosed elevator."

After we got out of the plane, we got on this go-cart–looking thing. It looked kind of like the electric carts that you see at airports. Then we drove from the landing strip to a series of hangars and headed into the centre one. It was really cool, the way this place was built. There were all these really big lights at the top that had louvres on them so the light will shine down. And when I got close to the buildings, they looked old and ratty, but underneath it was alloy, unlike any alloy I had ever seen. It was an incredible-looking stainless steel type of metal that I thought was really unusual to use for buildings of that size.

When we got inside the hangar, we went down to the basement area. Actually, we drove into the hanger and there were little yellow lights flashing and big hangar doors, and out of the ground came all these little pipes with chains attached that blocked off all the doorways. Then the whole floor—about the size of a football field—slowly dropped down. The entire hangar was an unenclosed elevator.

ROBERT: So, it was more like a hydraulic lift in a garage?

DAVID: Yeah, but it was built to carry some really heavy stuff. The floor was made of concrete. God knows how much weight that was. The whole thing went up and down on giant worm-screws.

ROBERT: I see. That's a lot more stable than using a hydraulic system.

DAVID: Nothing can take the load like a worm screw. These things were the size of sequoia trees, and there were at least 12 of them lifting the floor! We went down at least 200 feet until we rested flush with the floor of an underground hangar that was huge. It had a huge arched ceiling, but it went so far that you couldn't see the end of it. It just went forever. And I thought, "My God! You could park a hundred 747s in here and they wouldn't even be in the way!"

At that point I asked, "What in God's name did you do with all the dirt?" And they just looked really strangely at me. I guess they didn't expect me to try and figure things like that out.

The walls were at least 30 feet high, and all along them were different workshops and laboratories and periodically there were big, huge, work bays. So we kept driving down past all kinds of aircraft that I had never seen. Some of them I *had* seen, like the XB-70.

ROBERT: Was this area carved out of dirt or was it rock?

DAVID: I don't know. Everything was coated with a ceramic-like material.

ROBERT: I thought there were mountains surrounding the dry lake bed? Those must be fairly solid?

DAVID: Yeah. There are all kinds of mountain ranges around that area. I never saw any "dirt", though, because everything had concrete over it or was covered with some type of ceramic material. The most interesting thing about this to me still is how well lit the underground area was. There were no shadows, anywhere. And there were no light fixtures, anywhere. I was wondering how they generated that much light. It didn't look like the walls were glowing, or the floor or the ceiling. But every square inch of this place was lit, and yet there was no visible source of light.

And after we had been driving for a while and we had passed a lot of different aircraft, we took a road to the left that took us away from a lot of the other activities. I could see a lot of people working on stuff. These aircraft appeared to be operational. Some of them I have never seen before or since. They were shaped like a reverse teardrop. And there were others that looked similar to the flying wing. One aircraft, the XB-70, was a delta-wing bomber built in 1959.

ROBERT: And you were at Area 51 in 1971?

DAVID: Right. June 20, 1971. So, we get there and it was just amazing, because we drove up to the side of these big steel doors and one of the officers got out and put his hand on a scanner-type thing and it flashed a light at him. I thought it took his picture. In hindsight, I would have to guess that it was a retina scanning device. And after the guy was scanned, the door opened up, so I knew this was a security system of a kind. This was 1971.

Let me put this into perspective. In 1971, we had no laptops, no modems, no fax, no VCR, no cellphones; we didn't even have handheld calculators. Texas Instruments developed those about five years later. So where in the hell did these guys get all this technology?

As soon as we went into the room, I immediately noticed the temperature drop, because it was warm in the big open areas we had just come from. It was very cool in this room. You could almost see your breath. And as we entered the room, the lights—wherever they were coming from—came on. And again there were no shadows being cast, anywhere.

Then someone threw a switch and activated a hoist attached to some cables that were attached to a big tarp. The tarp was lifted straight up, and sitting on this huge steel platform was a giant electromagnetic fusion containment engine! And I immediately knew that, because its configuration was similar to mine but it was the size of a Greyhound bus. Mine was about the size of a large watermelon!

You can recognise engines that are comparable. If I had an internal combustion engine taken out of a Model A Ford and had it sitting on the ground and you pulled an engine out of a Viper today and placed it alongside, you would recognise that they operate on the same principle of internal combustion. However, the difference in performance between the two is unbelievable.

It was the same situation with my little engine and this thing they had stored underground. They both ran on the same principle, the same configuration, but the level of sophistication is like that of the Model A compared to the Viper engine. This thing they had was so powerful. There were so many design features that I didn't recognise, for reasons that became clear.

ROBERT: At this point you were just looking at the engine. Where was the rest of the craft?

DAVID: Well, that's where the argument started. They asked me if I liked what I saw. I said, "Well, yeah, but I'm confused. I thought I was the first one to build one of these engines."

And this is where things really started getting odd. The colonel that was with Dr Rudolph said, "Son, you want to help us with this design here since yours is very similar to it. You do want to help your country, don't you?"

Well, I had an American flag blanket. And I listened to Anita Bryant's record before I went to sleep. I was a real patriotic flag-waver even in the '70s. Of course, it wasn't real popular to do that then because the war in Vietnam was still raging. My peers couldn't understand why I loved America so much, but it was just the way I was raised.

So at first I agreed with the colonel that I wanted to help. However, I was very curious and asked, "Where are your people that built this engine?" He paused for a moment, then told me, "Well, they are on vacation right now. You're off on summer vacation, right?" And I said, "Okay! That's good. Did they leave any notes on their work that I can look at?" Then I was told, "Well, they took them with them as homework. You get homework." And I was thinking, "You know, this is really condescending. I am 17 years old." But that's how they treated 17-year-olds back then. So I thought, "Okay; I will play along with this asshole."

I agreed to help them, but told them that I needed to get a closer look at the engine. And they agreed, at which point I walked up and got onto the platform. And the closer I got to it, the more I realised that these people had no idea what this engine was; they were still trying to figure it out. I could tell that it didn't belong to us. And when I was about three feet away, the first thing I noticed was a perfect shadow of myself on the engine. And what did I tell you earlier?

ROBERT: There were no shadows anywhere.

"Let me put this into perspective. In 1971, we had no laptops, no modems, no fax, no VCR, no cellphones; we didn't even have handheld calculators. Texas Instruments developed those about five years later.

So where in the hell did these guys get all this technology?"

DAVID: Right. So how is my shadow showing up on this thing? And stranger still was that the shadow moved about a half a second behind me. That really got my attention. And I thought, "If this is what I think it is…a heat sensitive recognition alloy…" And then I realised we don't have [any] known material that could do that.

DAVID: So I looked up at the engine and I asked for permission to climb to the top because I wanted to see the damaged area. The thing had a hole about four feet in diameter in the side of it, and this was the area that most interested me. Now, think of a figure eight, and right where the two circles cross each other is the eye of the hurricane. That's where the damage was located on this engine. Knowing my own engine, I was assuming that this thing had experienced some kind of breach in the electromagnetic flux field that acts as the containment wall that harnesses the power of the reactor engine.

These engines basically function like a magnetic bottle or sphere, and inside you have contained the power of the Sun or a hydrogen bomb continuously detonating. It's not impossible to figure out how this works, because it occurs all the time out in space. Black holes can suck an entire galaxy full of suns into their point of singularity. Obviously a black hole has no problem containing that fusion energy.

What I did was mathematically figure out a way to artificially create a synthetic black hole. And because it is based on a figure-eight design, once it has stabilised it will always implode and consume itself without pulling everything around it in. But this engine at Area 51 had lost its stabilisation in the figure eight, and that's why I was so curious about the hole.

The way this engine was built was really cool. There wasn't a single screw or rivet or weld seam anywhere on this entire device from end to end. It looked like it was grown rather than assembled. And I thought, "Man, whoever built this really has some incredible manufacturing techniques."

"And then I realised we don't have [any] known material that could do that."

Over the years, I have been able to replicate this process to some extent in an experiment that I built. It flew onboard one of the 1993 Space Shuttle missions. It was part of the GAS (Get Away Special) program. That's where you rent space in a 55-gallon drum for your project. The first thing I did was melt alloys together, and when you spin them in a weightless environment you can create any type of dimension you want, because I figured out a way to control this. There was always a question about how you shape liquid metals in a weightless environment. It's a containerless process. It's a real phenomenon.

ROBERT: You made a form without using a mould?

DAVID: Right. I figured out how to take a fluid glob floating in this weightless environment and control it. For every geometric shape and dimension, we know there is a corresponding sound wave. So I created this machine that was attached to a Moog synthesiser, which allowed me to replicate any shape I wanted simply by playing notes. This machine generates interlocking standing sound waves that vibrate, even in space, and which allowed me to shape the liquid metal.

That process proved to me what I had suspected when I first saw the engine at Area 51 in 1971: whoever built that engine used this process. This raised an even larger question in my mind. Who could have built an engine of this size in space? I have never discussed this publicly. But I was curious and I wanted to replicate that engine design, which was clearly built in a weightless environment.

ROBERT: Which means outer space?

DAVID: It would have to be *deep* space. Like *intergalactic* deep space, away from any planets or stars.

ROBERT: I guess you wouldn't want your design process to encounter any gravitational fields?

DAVID: Right. The less the better. They are called "gravity convections". They didn't want any gravity convection currents to show up in the alloy shaping process.

Anyway, when I placed my hands on the engine to pull myself up, I began climbing up the exterior of the engine, which was designed with an exoskeletal structure. The best way to explain this is to look at the designs of H. R. Geiger; he is the designer that created all the sets of the *Alien* movies.

ROBERT: What happened when you touched it?

DAVID: It was warm, which didn't make any sense at all. It was so cold in that hangar, you could almost see your breath. I looked around on the floor and saw no power lines. And I asked myself, "How in the world could this alloy be staying warm?" And it was really hard. It was the hardest material I have ever touched. It didn't give anywhere. The surface cohesion tension on it felt more like a baby's skin. It was supple, but hard and warm.

ROBERT: That is weird, especially for metal.

DAVID: Yeah, and I was thinking, "What the heck is going on?" And as I was crawling up everywhere, I touched the surface and it reacted. When I turned and looked at the Air Force guys, all their mouths were hanging open. And so I assumed that the reaction they were seeing hadn't happened for them, because wherever I touched it there were these really amazing blue and white swirls moving down through the hull of this thing. It looked like wavelengths that you see on an oscilloscope. When I pulled my hands off, it stopped. And I said, "Wow! This thing is reacting!"

So I continued to climb up until I reached the centre area. It had these vertebrae that branched off, cascading, fibre-like. They looked almost like fibre optic cables filled with some kind of fluid. They were very small tubes the size of angel hair pasta. There were millions of these things cascading over the hull of this engine. And I thought, "Boy, these patterns look familiar." Then it dawned on me: they looked like neural synaptic firing patterns. There were millions of them going out everywhere on this thing. So I thought that maybe the engine was designed with an exoskeletal brain. And at that point, I reached out and grabbed some of the fibres and found that they were really tough and that there was fluid in them. And wherever I touched, no matter what I touched, there would be a reaction to it like a tremor of visual lights.

As I walked down into the damaged area of this thing, I finally said to the Air Force guys, "You know, this thing is a power plant. It is more than a propulsion system. It is a power plant. It obviously came out of a big vehicle…a craft of some kind. Where is

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that craft located?" Now they were not happy with me, but I continued. "A craft like this must have had a crew. What did you do with those people? This is clearly not American or Soviet technology, is it, boys? This is some kind of extraterrestrial entity. How old is it? Did you dig it up? Is it millions of years old or did you guys shoot it down?" And man, they got really upset. They told the MPs to take me down off the engine. As I was coming down, I was really pissed off. I was so pissed off because I had had enough.

At this point, I knew where I was. I knew that this engine was from somewhere other than Earth. I didn't know where it had come from or how long they had had it, but it was obvious that my whole world was coming undone in that moment. I grew up in a world where the government would never lie. We had just landed on the Moon the year before. And here the Air Force had this technology and they weren't saying anything, which made me furious.

ROBERT: Let's back up a little. When you were on the engine, there was something that you saw, which you told me about in a previous conversation and which I found really fascinating. How and when did you see the interior of the reactor? Can you describe the crystals?

DAVID: What happened was I asked for permission to inspect the damaged area inside of the engine where it had been blown open. They hesitated on that request.

ROBERT: This was before you made them angry?

DAVID: Before I came out of that damaged area, totally pissed off…because when I got down in this thing, they told me to make it brief. So I got down and looked in the area. Man, there was some incredible-looking technology up and down this engine. And I couldn't get more than three feet into it before I came up to a wall. And this wall…it was like the iris/shutter on a camera lens. It had lots of interlocking fans that contract or expand—and I've always thought that would make the coolest door. Well, there was this little round pod-thing there, and I just put my hand on it; and when I did, the wall just shuttered open.

ROBERT: It opened for you?

DAVID: It made a slight noise.

ROBERT: Maybe that's where they got the inspiration for the door design you saw at Area 51?

DAVID: It could have been. I have no idea. But I got to look deeper into the engine. And what I saw in there was fascinating. It was such a trip being there because whenever I worked on *my* fusion engines, everything was so small; some parts I even had to machine under a microscope. Now, here was a replication of my basic design that was big enough to walk through. But man, this thing…what I had manufactured to achieve a certain function in my engine, this thing would have something else in its place. And this something else would be stuff I couldn't begin to recognise. There were these crystals that were facing each other. They were fabulous-looking crystals. And they were integrated into this plasma duct type thing.

And in my engine, I had such a hard time getting a cyclotron to curve the blast waves I needed for propulsion. This thing had some kind of venting system that allowed them to flush their plasma out through an area that looked like the gills of a shark. The whole thing was so organic looking. It looked like a living machine—both organic and inorganic incorporated together. It was

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an oxymoron. How do you explain something like that? So anyway, I just got to see a lot of stuff in there that I couldn't believe.

ROBERT: How many minutes were you in the interior alone?

DAVID: I don't think I was in there more than five minutes. I know that doesn't sound like a very long time, but it felt like I was in there a week.

ROBERT: And I believe you said you have a photographic memory.

DAVID: Yeah. I was just clicking nonstop. I was just absorbing it all in. And when I left, I didn't touch that pod, right? But as soon as I passed that area, the door closed behind me. I never told the Air Force guys that I went into that part of the engine. I don't think they ever knew there was another compartment in the interior that they could enter.

ROBERT: Why?

DAVID: I don't believe that it allowed them access. There was a presence, though, about this engine. Just like you have a presence of a person and an entity. It just had its own. So I came out of the engine and was totally pissed off because I knew there was no way we could have built it. It was using some kind of crystal containment field power that we can't even imagine. I would have to work on it for a long time to figure out how they were doing the fractions. Where I was using the plasma in a linear mode, this thing was designed to go any direction it wanted with its plasma flows. That's impossible.

ROBERT: With a rocket?

DAVID: Yeah. This thing could do *anything*. And I really wondered who in the hell built it. So as I started coming down the outside of the engine. After we got into a big argument, I noticed that now, wherever I touched the engine, it was no longer reacting with the nice blue and white swirls of energy. They had changed to a reddish-orange flame-looking pattern. And as I calmed down to try and figure out what that was, it changed back to the bluish white, more tranquil-looking pattern.

That's when I realised that the engine is not just heat sensitive; it reacts to mental waves. It is symbiotic and will lock on to how you think and feel. This allows it to interface with you. And that means this thing was aware. And it knew it was there. And I knew that it knew I was there… ∞

About the Interviewee:

David Adair is an internationally recognised expert in space technology spinoff applications for industry and commercial use. At age 11, he built his first of hundreds of rockets which he designed and test-flew. At 17, he won "The Most Outstanding in the Field of Engineering Sciences" award from the US Air Force. At 19, he designed and fabricated a state-of-the-art mechanical system for changing jet turbine engines for the US Navy that set world-record turnaround times that still stand today.

David Adair is the president of Intersect, Inc., and he lectures and provides consulting services to companies and organisations that want to know how to use the latest cutting-edge technological advances. Email him at adair@flyingsaucers.com, or visit his website at http://www.flyingsaucers.com/adair1.htm for additional background or to order his videotape and audiotape lecture series.

About the Interviewer:

Robert M. Stanley is a writer and researcher specialising in technology trends. His articles have been featured in numerous publications and he has appeared on various television and radio programs. Currently he is serving as an R&D consultant for an international corporation. He can be emailed at rstanley@socal.rr.com.